

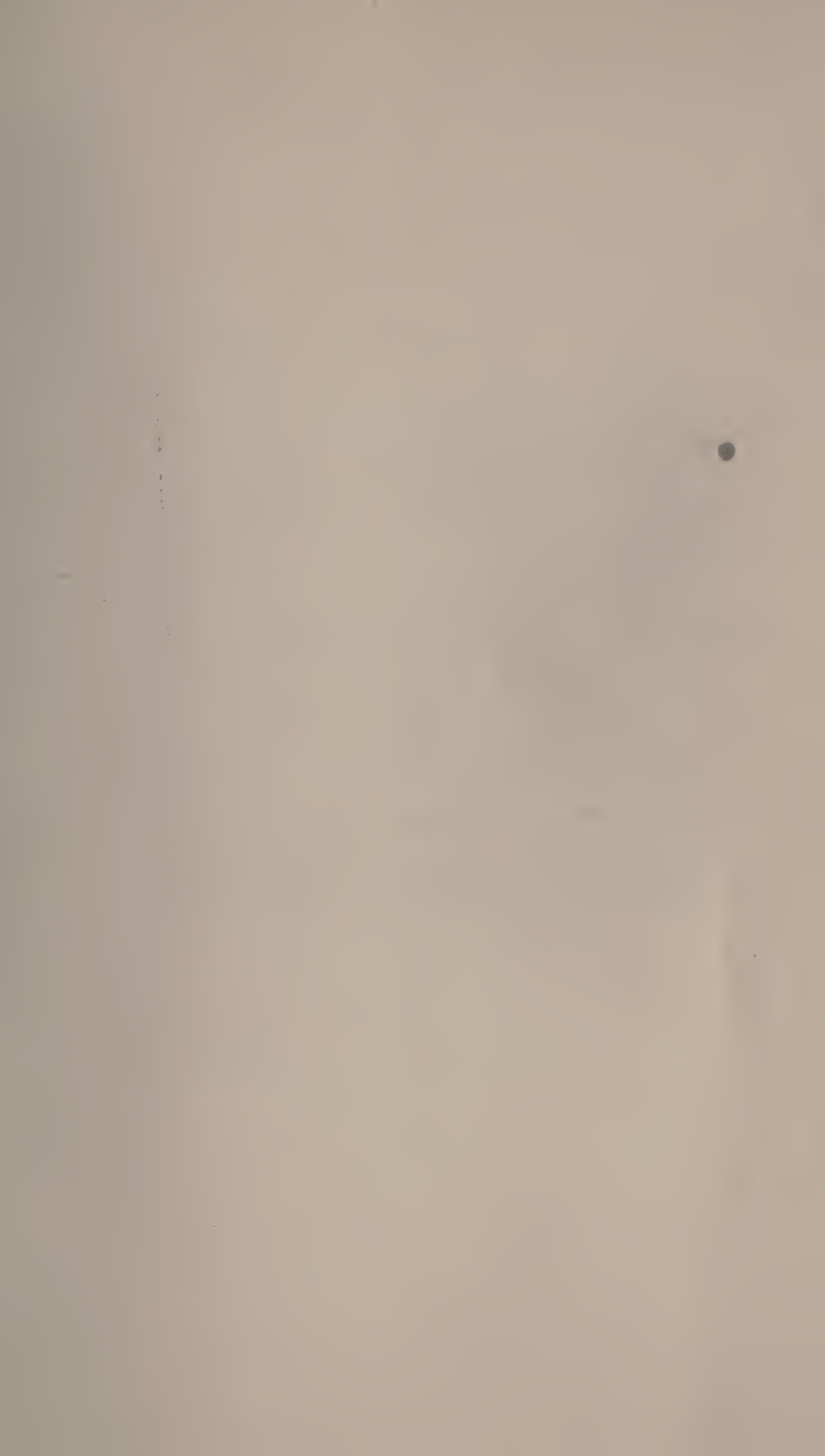
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Vol. 3









TORQUIL MAC FERRON

Plays for Children by

S. LYLE CUMMINS

VOLUME III

GOLDILOCKS AND THE
THREE BEARS

TORQUIL MAC FERRON

THOMAS OLIFANT

TYRANNY

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

By S. LYLE CUMMINS

With coloured Frontispieces and other Illustrations by
G. L. STAMPA

Volume I BLUEBEARD
 HAROUN EL RASHID

Volume II ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON
 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Volume III GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE
 BEARS
 TORQUIL MAC FERRON
 THOMAS OLIFANT
 TYRANNY

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

GOLDBLOCKS AND
THE THREE BEARS

TORQUIL
MAC FERRON

THOMAS OLIFANT

TYRANNY

BY

S. LYLE CUMMINS

Illustrated by

G. L. STAMPA

NEW  YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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A. J. C. S.

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FOREWORD

In making use of such well-known characters as Goldilocks and the Three Bears for his play, the Author has tried to be perfectly fair to both sides. If Goldilocks had been a Bear and if, in that character, she had eaten the porridge and slept in the beds of a human Papa and Mamma and their little child, we should have known exactly what to think. As it is, the Author confesses to being a little puzzled. But being human and realising that Bears must be kept in their proper place, he has, perhaps, shown some slight bias in favour of Goldilocks, and he hopes that this attitude may appeal to his readers, few of whom are likely to be Bears. "Torquil Mac Ferron," "Thomas Olifant" and "Tyranny" deal with characters new to the public. One of them, Barebones, advocates an attitude towards children which is sure

Foreword

to be much discussed. Here, too, an attempt has been made to hold the balance even, and the Author trusts that "grown-ups" will forgive him for allowing the final victory to remain, as it usually does, with the inhabitants of the Nursery.

HOW TO PRODUCE CHILDREN'S PLAYS

To get the best fun out of these Children's Plays, they must be staged by the players themselves according to their own ideas and with such properties as are available or can be improvised at home. An important point is that the longest and hardest part is preferably taken by a "grown-up" upon whose strength the younger actors can lean for support. The other parts are some long and some short to suit all ages, and the fact that the plays are in rhyme makes it quite easy for children to learn their parts. Masks may be made from wire netting bent into the appropriate shape, over which brown paper is pasted to make a surface. On this surface, when dry, eyes, nostrils or ears can be fixed or painted, and through it, eye-holes can be pierced to ensure visibility to the actor. By

How to Produce Children's Plays

working up paper with paste, a pulpy material can be made from which eye-brows, beaks or fangs can be moulded and stuck on to embellish the mask. Body coverings can be made of sacking with paper scales, feathers or fur as required. Armour is best fashioned from stout cardboard covered with silver paper. Scimitars, broad swords, daggers, and other weapons can be manufactured from wood cut to the proper shape and covered with silver or gold paper, and wound round with coloured wools or silks to give the effect of jewelled hilts or sheaths. As for costumes, it may safely be left to the mothers and aunts of the performers to produce all that is required from wardrobes, linen cupboards, trunks and other secret places where silks, satins, ribbons, laces and all kinds of finery lie safely folded, hidden away like beautiful moths or butterflies in their chrysalises awaiting the appointed hour.

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GOLDILOCKS AND THE
THREE BEARS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FATHER BEAR, *A Carnivorous Male.*

MRS. BEAR, *His Wife.*

TINY BEAR, *Their Son.*

GOLDILOCKS, *All that she should be.*

THE DOLLY, *Ditto.*

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

SCENE I. *The BEARS' Cottage. Doors right and left. A window in background. FATHER BEAR is just hanging up his hat on arrival from business. MRS. BEAR and TINY BEAR are seated at the table.*

MRS. BEAR

Why, it's dearest Papa! Well, this *is* such a pleasure!
You're so kind to come early for lunch with our Treasure
On his second birthday.

FATHER BEAR

Now, to make us all gay,
Father, Mother and Tiny Bear, what do you say
To some dainty for lunch?

Goldilocks

[SCENE I

TINY BEAR

Something lovely to munch!

FATHER BEAR

Something succulent, soft, for our baby to
crunch,

Some delicious tit-bit for our dear little
lad—

Yet that won't be—*insipid*—for darling old
Dad!

MRS. BEAR

What! A banquet? A feast?

TINY BEAR

Yes, Mamma . . .

FATHER BEAR

“Feed the Beast,”
That's the motto for competent Housewives!

MRS. BEAR

At least,
You'll allow me a moment to think. Good-
ness Gracious!

SCENE I] and the Three Bears



“WHY, IT’S DEAREST PAPA!”

SCENE I]

Goldilocks

These masculine bears are so very voracious!
I shall have to use tact!

[*Aloud*]

Dearest Husband,

in fact

I was just thinking out a delightful collation,
At a price that is easy for folk in our sta-
tion . . .

Something simple . . . and good . . .

Some nice natural food.

Not too spicy or rich or inflaming or heating!

TINY BEAR

Boo-hoo!

FATHER BEAR

Now, you won't be unkind to
our sweeting!

[*Kissing* TINY BEAR] *Don't say wholesome!*

You know how he cries at that word!

MRS. BEAR

There you go, spoiling Baby! I think you're
absurd.

Goldilocks

[SCENE I

If you'd kindly say just what you're wanting . . .

TINY BEAR

Boo-hoo!

MRS. BEAR

I'll go into the question of what I can do.

FATHER BEAR

[Chucking her under the chin]

Don't be cross, dearest Wiffler!

Why, food's but a trifle,

Little Bruno and I merely wish for a snack!

It's so nice to lunch *well* when to lunch one gets back . . .

Now, what do you say to a joint? . . . Let me see . . .

To a shoulder of Parson or Ribs of Solicitor? . . .

Remember that Daddy's a very rare visitor
At the home mid-day meal, . . .

I could do with some veal . . .

SCENE 1] and the Three Bears



“BUT HOW CAN I GIVE THEM THE THINGS
THAT AREN'T THERE?”

SCENE I]

Goldilocks

All the better, derived from a plump human
suckling . . .

TINY BEAR

Hooray!

FATHER BEAR

So he wanted his dinner, the
Duckling. *[Pats him*
Hurry up, Mrs. Bear,
And the table prepare.

MRS. BEAR

[Aside]

But how can I give them the things that
aren't there?

I shall have to persuade . . .

[Aloud] Dearest Brune, I'm afraid
That in weather like this, such strong meats
are not wise;
In the case of a meal, there are limits . . .
of size . . .

And . . . our Baby! Just think of his dear
little tummy!

Is it prudent?

Goldilocks

[SCENE I

TINY BEAR

Boo-hoo!

MRS. BEAR

Darling, come
to its Mummy!

[*To* FATHER BEAR] I suggest something
simple and not too carnivorous.

FATHER BEAR

From sago and salads and lentils . . . de-
liver us!

[*To* TINY BEAR] Let's look in the cupboard.

MRS. BEAR

[*Aside*]

I'm lost if they forage . . .

[*Aloud*] You can *look* where you like! . . .
I've got *nothing* but porridge!

FATHER BEAR

[*Looking in Cupboard*]

Well, it's clear that there's nothing to scratch
off one's fur about!

SCENE I] and the Three Bears

I'll take Babe for a walk while you cook us
our stir-about. . . .

[*Aside*] Wretched stuff! It's about as at-
tractive as *bread*.

[*Aloud*] Come and tell us the news when
the table is spread.

[*Exeunt* FATHER BEAR *and* TINY
BEAR

MRS. BEAR

[*Bustling about at her work*]

Hoity toity! Dear me! So it's meat that
they're after,

As a female, I greet such suggestions with
laughter.

With Solicitor's ribs six-and-eightpence the
pound

What's the price, may I ask, with three Bears
to serve round?

And if once I give way—or my rules if I
break,

They'll want Harley Street beef at three
guineas the steak!

[*Stirs the porridge savagely*

Goldilocks

[SCENE I

'Tis for *him* to provide,

'Tis for *me* to prepare!

Let him grumble and chide

He must do with what's there!

He can smack his thick lips over banquets
ethereal

But *I'll* cook what *he* kills, or—just feed
him on cereal.

*[Serves three helpings of porridge
and goes out*

GOLDILOCKS

[Appearing at the window and looking in]

What a darling wee cottage, all hidden away
In the depths of the forest! How gladly
we'd play

With the children that live here!

[To her DOLLY] What fortunate mites
To run wild in the woods through the days
and the nights

Of the summer and spring!

Shall we knock? Shall we ring?

But there's no bell or knocker; 'tis hardly
the thing

SCENE 1] and the Three Bears



“WHAT A PORRIDGY SMELL!”

To jump in through the window. I'll try
with my fist! [Taps]

Why, there's no one about. [Taps] I can
hardly resist

Having one little peep . . .

[Gets half into the room and jumps
back

P'raps they're only asleep;

[Gets half in again

But I hardly should waken them up if I
creep. [Gets into the room

What a *porridgy* smell! and I'm famished,
you know . . .

It's some hours since we finished our break-
fast to go

For a walk in the wood. My! It *does* just
smell good. . . . [Notices the table

And lo and behold, here are dishes for three!

Now, I wonder who's left them! Perhaps
they're for *me!* [Looks right and left

Not a soul in the place [Sniffs at plates]

It's a perfect disgrace

To allow this good food to get cold . . .

Goldilocks

[SCENE I

[*Picks up a spoon*] Just a trace!

[*Eats some*

Why, it's simply delicious . . . I'll have one
more bite! [*Finishes the plate*

We might just as well finish the lot!

[*Takes the last plate*

[*To DOLLY*] Is it right? [*Eats more*

Well, 'tis *good*, right or wrong;

Now I'll just run along

To take forty winks on some stretcher or
bed. [*Kissing DOLLY*

After five hours' hard marching the poor
child's half dead! [*Exit right*

Enter the THREE BEARS

TINY BEAR

I'm so hungry!

MRS. BEAR

Poor Darling,
Now, where is his feeder?

SCENE I] and the Three Bears

FATHER BEAR

Let him find it himself; does he want a
Bear Leader?

MRS. BEAR

You've a horrible temper. *Do* let the child
be!

FATHER BEAR

Who's been touching *my* Platter? 'Tis
empty. Just see!

TINY BEAR

[*Sobbing*]

I'm so hungry!

MRS. BEAR

Mine too!

TINY BEAR

Give me something to eat . . .

[*Grabs his plate*

Why, *my* platter is *clean*! Oh, who's stolen
my treat?

Goldilocks

[SCENE I

MRS. BEAR

Why, the food is all gone! . . . that I made
with such care!

TINY BEAR

I'm *so* hungry . . .

FATHER BEAR

Base *Woman!* I won't call you *Bear*. . . .
You're the culprit; you ate it yourself!
Come, confess. . . .

MRS. BEAR

No, I didn't, Old Grisley! What woe, what
distress,
To be called such a name!

TINY BEAR

I'm so hungry!
[Sobs

MRS. BEAR

For shame!
I won't stand it an instant! I vow and de-
clare

SCENE 1] and the Three Bears

There's no woman in *me!* I'm an honest
She Bear!

FATHER BEAR

[*Ashamed of his remark*]

Well, perhaps 'twas severe.

TINY BEAR

[*Picking up GOLDILOCK's hat*]

Look!

FATHER BEAR

Why, what have we here?

MRS. BEAR

It's from one of those things that you called
me!

FATHER BEAR

How queer

'Twas the owner of this ate our luncheon,
I'll swear . . .

She may still be about. Let's pursue up the
stair! [Exeunt the THREE BEARS

SCENE II. *The BEARS' Bedroom.*

Enter GOLDILOCKS, carrying her DOLL

GOLDILOCKS .

This is just what we're seeking! Now,
which shall it be?

We were wanting two beds and—behold—
there are three!

Why not try them in turn? First the big
one. . . . [*Lies down on it*

Too roomy!

Dolly, dear, in a huge bed like this, we'd feel
gloomy. . . .

Next, this sweet little cot. It's too tiny for
me

But 'twill suit Dolly dear to a turn, I can
see! [*Puts DOLLY to bed*

Now, go dody! go dody! Count sheep
through a gap . . .

And you'll soon be asleep like a good little
chap,

SCENE II]

Goldilocks



"ONE WOULD THINK IT WAS BEARS"

While your own little mother will settle
quite near

In this nice little bed by your side, Dolly
dear! [*Lies down on the second bed*

But what noises downstairs!

[*Growling heard*

One would think it was Bears!

[*Jumps up and listens*

What growling and howling and rending
and tears. . . . [*At door*

I believe some one's coming. I think I'll just
hide, [*Gets behind curtain*

Don't be frightened, dear Dolly! I'm here
close beside. . . .

Enter the THREE BEARS

FATHER BEAR

Who's been sleeping in *my* bed?

Just look! What a wry bed. . . .

The pillow pressed up and the counterpane
down!

Goldilocks

[SCENE II

MRS. BEAR

And *my* bed's all crumpled
And twisted and rumped
And welted and wumped
And dirty and brown. . . .

[*Scream from* TINY BEAR

Now, now! What's the matter?

TINY BEAR

[*Pointing at* DOLLY]

Look *at* her! Look *at* her!

There she lies on *my* bed, sound asleep I
declare!

MRS. BEAR

Let's beat her!

TINY BEAR

Let's eat her!

FATHER BEAR

The nasty white creeter!

[*All three leap towards* DOLLY *but,*
just in time, GOLDILOCKS *seizes*

SCENE II] and the Three Bears



EXIT GOLDILOCKS

SCENE II]

Goldilocks

*her from behind the curtain and
leaps on to window sill.*

GOLDILOCKS

Thanks *so* much for the porridge! Good
day, Mr. Bear!

[*Exit*

[*Tableau and Curtain*

TORQUIL MAC FERRON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TORQUIL MAC FERRON, *a Villain.*

DOUGLAS, *a Hero.*

JEAN, *a Beauty.*

DAME ELSPETH, *Jean's Mother.*

TORQUIL MAC FERRON

A MELODRAMA

SCENE I. *A room in DAME ELSPETH'S
Cottage.*

JEAN

'Tis a quarter to twelve. In fifteen minutes
more

'Twill be time to steal out through the old
cottage door,

To steal out through the porch and climb
over the gates

To the nook in the orchard where Douglas
awaits.

Oh, my heart, do not flutter: my pulses be
still;

Oh, my limbs, cease to tremble; sustain me
until

Torquil Mac Ferron [SCENE I

The slow moments have passed and 'tis time
that I start
To where Douglas awaits me, the King of
my Heart.

Enter ELSPETH

What! Mamma?

ELSPETH

Yes, my daughter; your
mother indeed,
To discuss some most interesting topics I
need.
You're no longer the child that, by discipline
wise,
I brought up through its youth. You have
grown *such* a size,
Have shot up such a pace, little Jean, if you
please,
That your frocks of last year hardly reach
to your knees.
Why, how well I remember . . .

SCENE I] Torquil Mac Ferron



"POOR PUSSY, COME HERE"

SCENE I] Torquil Mac Ferron

JEAN

[Looking at the clock]

We'll leave it at that.

I must go to the garden to search for the cat;
The poor creature is lost.

ELSPETH

Not a bit of it, dear.

She is out on the landing. *[Opens the door
right]* Poor pussy, come here.

[The cat comes in and sits by the fire]

I was saying that clearly and well I recall
How I made her first frock when my daughter
was small;

When a yard of white dimity, beautiful
stuff,

Was all that was wanted and more than
enough.

But now . . .

JEAN

I can't find my new book; what a bore!

Ah, I left it, I think, by the granary door.

Just excuse me a moment.

[Goes towards the door]

Torquil Mac Ferron [SCENE I

ELSPETH

No, darling, don't fret.
There's your book on the dresser. How soon
you forget.

Well, you've grown and you've grown and
it's easily seen

That there isn't another as fair as my
Jean;

But each word and each gesture my memory
jogs . . .

JEAN

[*Going to the door*]

I'll be back in a moment, it's only the dogs.

ELSPETH

Why the dogs are indoors. Just sit down at
the table

And don't worry for garden, cat, dogs or the
stable!

Please sit down and allow your old Mother
her say;

'Tis a plan that will make you both happy
and gay.

SCENE I] Torquil Mac Ferron

It is time, my sweet child, you were settled
in life
And a good Christian man wants to make you
his wife.

JEAN

What! *I* to be married? Be married,
what, *I*?

ELSPETH

Yes, indeed, little Jean, and the suitor is
nigh.

He has cattle and sheep, he has houses and
lands,

All the wealth that was ours once is now in
his hands;

So, my child be as happy as ever you can

With riches and wealth and a good Christian
man.

JEAN

But, Mamma! But his *name*! Oh, you *fill*
me with dread!

Torquil Mac Ferron [SCENE I

ELSPETH

Why, with Torquil Mac Ferron himself you
shall wed;

With Torquil so wealthy, so handsome, so
clever, . . .

JEAN

What, marry that hideous old cuttlefish?

Never.

[She goes out

SCENE II. *The orchard.*

DOUGLAS

Why, the old village chimes
Have struck twelve several times
And the moon has climbed high
In the clear summer sky.
Oh, my Jenny-Jing-Jee,
Where on earth can she be
And why doesn't she come to her trysting
with me?

There her window I see.
She's awake you'll agree
And she promised to climb
At the sound of the chime
Over farmyard and gate—
But she's ten minutes late.
Shall I chuck it and go or just stick it and
wait? *[Looks to right*

What is that, by the way,
Poking out of the hay?

Torquil Mac Ferron [SCENE II

And why does it wriggle,
Squirm, squirgle and squiggle
Towards the spot where I stand
With a knife in its hand?
Why, it's Torquil Mac Ferron; a murder he's
planned!

[DOUGLAS *draws his dagger and puts
himself in an attitude of defence*

TORQUIL

Now, presumptuous knave,
Just prepare for your grave.
By thus wandering late
You have sealed your own fate.

[*They fight. DOUGLAS falls*

TORQUIL

[*Cleaning his dagger*]

Wretched creature, why stab it?
It's as soft as a rabbit.

That's *the second* just here! Why, it's sheer
force of habit. [Exit laughing

SCENE II] Torquil Mac Ferron



“THAT’S THE SECOND JUST HERE! WHY, IT’S
SHEER FORCE OF HABIT”

SCENE II] Torquil Mac Ferron

[The cottage door opens. JEAN enters the orchard. Seeing DOUGLAS lying unconscious, she screams and runs towards him. DAME ELSPETH comes out.]

JEAN

What treason, what crime and what dastardly deeds!

Oh, poor Mr. Douglas, how freely he bleeds.
Here, help me to bandage him up with my blouse

And then we'll just carry him into the house.

ELSPETH

Tut tut, and dear dear; what a terrible thing!

The villain who did it must certainly swing.
In this very same spot it is strange to relate
Your poor dear Papa met the very same fate.

I recall it as clearly as if 'twere last night
And here's this poor boy in the very same plight.

Torquil Mac Ferron [SCENE II

JEAN

Oh, Mamma, do be quiet and give me a hand.

We must carry him into the house . . .

ELSPETH

Understand,
Dearest child, quite distinctly and once and
for all,

That I *won't* have strange gentlemen laid in
my Hall.

What on earth would folks think? What
on earth would folks say?

Leave him here. There'll be others to take
him away.

JEAN

Oh, Mother, be kind, do not shrink from the
task.

ELSPETH

Wed Torquil, my child, and I'll do what you
ask.

SCENE II] Torquil Mac Ferron

JEAN

Very well. 'Tis a bargain. I'll argue no
more.

Just pick up his legs and step out for the
door.

[They carry DOUGLAS indoors

SCENE III. *A room in DAME ELSPETH'S Cottage. DOUGLAS on a pallet by the window. DAME ELSPETH and JEAN at the table.*

ELSPETH

Be gay, be gay,
To-morrow's the day
A carriage and pair shall arrive,
And Mrs. Mac Ferron
In ermine and heron
To Castle Mac Ferron shall drive!

DOUGLAS

Ah, me, ah, me,
It's dreadful to be
Stabbed deep through the lungs and the
liver.

JEAN

I'm not glad in the least

SCENE III] Torquil Mac Ferron



"IT'S DREADFUL TO BE STABBED DEEP THROUGH
THE LUNGS AND THE LIVER"

SCENE III] Torquil Mac Ferron

To marry that beast;
The prospect, I vow, makes me shiver.

ELSPETH

[*Rising*]

Upstairs, upstairs,
Don't give yourself airs,
Come lay out the silk and brocade.
When the wedding bells chime
You'll have *such* a good time
If you're only a sensible maid.

[ELSPETH *and* JEAN *leave the room*]

TORQUIL *appears at the window and looks in
without noticing* DOUGLAS

TORQUIL

[*At window*]

What! my plump little partridge has quitted
her nest?
I had hoped to have clasped her soft form to
my breast.

Torquil Mac Ferron [SCENE III

Well, well, never mind. From to-morrow
she's mine,
I'll stroll down to the Inn for a flagon of
wine.

But before I move off to attend to my thirst
I feel bound to get through my soliloquy
first.

[Clears his throat. Assumes an attitude

How remarkably strange. How peculiarly
queer,
That Torquil Mac Ferron at last should be
here.

How unprecedented that I should have been
Of all men singled out as the husband of
Jean!

Why, ideas like this were the last that I had
When I prodded my dirk through her stodgy
old Dad.

No, I never once thought as I throttled his
craw

I was putting an end to my father-in-law!

Dear, dear, how times change; how things
alter, well, well!

SCENE III] Torquil Mac Ferron

'Pon my soul, who'd have thought it; *you*
never can tell!

[Disappears towards the Inn

DOUGLAS

Oh, joy! oh, joy!
I've got you, my boy.
Your secret is now in my hands.
Go, swallow your wine
But Jean shall be mine
As well as your cattle and lands.

Enter JEAN

JEAN

Oh, Douglas dear,
I've stolen back here
To tell you how deeply I feel it;
The terrible blow!
This Torquil, you know,
I hate him and cannot conceal it.

DOUGLAS

A kiss. A kiss.

[They embrace

Torquil Mac Ferron [SCENE III

No more about this,
As bridegroom I'll find you another.
Old Torquil won't do
As husband for you
Just call down your reverend Mother.

JEAN *goes out and returns with* DAME
ELSPETH

DOUGLAS

A terrible secret has come to my ears.
From Torquil Mac Ferron's own words it
appears
That the villain who did your late husband
to death
And deprived Miss Jean's Pa of his very last
breath,
Urged on by ambition and greedy for pelf,
Was no other than Torquil Mac Ferron him-
self. [*Screams from the ladies*

Enter TORQUIL

DOUGLAS

[*To* TORQUIL] Slave, impostor, hound, con-
fess.

SCENE III] Torquil Mac Ferron



“SEE THIS GENTLE MAID’S DISTRESS;
SEE THIS ANCIENT LADY’S TEARS”

SCENE III] Torquil Mac Ferron

See this gentle maid's distress;
See this ancient lady's tears;
Widowed since a dozen years.
Widow, orphan, there behold
Him who for estates and gold
Cruelly and basely slew
One who was most dear to you.

[TORQUIL *staggers back*

Jealous also and afraid
I might win this tender maid,
Me, as well, he stabbed and bled,
Left me on the ground for dead.
Come, impostor, knave, confess.
Since I know, you can't do less.

TORQUIL

With deepest contrition
I make the admission
That the charge is substantially true,
That the late Mr. E.
Owed his exit to *me*
Can no longer be hidden from *you*.
There are things I might say
To explain it away

Torquil Mac Ferron [SCENE III

But 'twould hardly be very good taste

To describe the temptation,

To clean perforation

That was offered by Mr. E.'s waist.

[*To JEAN*] So accept at my hands

All the houses and lands,

All the cows and the fields under tillage

That belonged to your sire.

I propose to retire

And set up in a neighbouring village. [*Exit*

[*DOUGLAS and JEAN clasp hands.*

*DAME ELSPETH gives them her
blessing.*

ALL

Oh, now is the time!

Let the wedding bells chime

And all nature be jovial and gay.

With virtue victorious

Happy and glorious

And villainy driven away.

[*Curtain*

THOMAS OLIFANT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THOMAS OLIFANT, *Son of a Parliamentary
General.*

BAREBONES, *A benevolent Fanatic.*

BEATRICE HOWARD } *Cavalier Cousins of*
PHŒBE CAVENDISH } *Thomas.*

DAME GRUBB.

THOMAS OLIFANT

A MELODRAMA IN ONE ACT

SCENE: *The Play Room at Castle Olifant*
[1659].

PHŒBE

Look at Thomas Olifant,
Dirty Thomas Olifant!
Beatrice, in all your days did you see his
like?

BEATRICE

With his knees that seem to bend,
And his long hair all on end!
Nasty little Olifant, grubby little tyke.

THOMAS

I can fight.

Thomas Olifant

PHŒBE

Oh, hark at him!

BEATRICE

Listen to the hero grim!
I believe you'd run away, shaking in your
shoes,
If the cruel Barebones came.

DAME GRUBB .

Horrid little girls, for shame!
Why should you abuse
Master Thomas Olifant?

PHŒBE

Master Thomas Olifant?
Master Thomas *Sprat!*
I should choose a cavalier
Gallant, like my brother, dear,
Not a Roundhead brat!

THOMAS

Noll could fight and so can I.

Thomas Olifant

BEATRICE

What of Rupert, Master Sly?
Oh, to think that we,
Splendid Howards and Cavendishes
With disgusting Roundhead *fishes*
Sent to stay should be!

DAME GRUBB

He's your Cousin.

PHŒBE

Fie!

BEATRICE

And fie!

Roundhead Cousins I deny, Murderers of
their King!

DAME GRUBB

Hush, be careful. Such a word
If the cruel Barebones heard
Sorrow it might bring.

BEATRICE

Silence, Phœbe!

Thomas Olifant

PHŒBE

Silence, Maid.

THOMAS

What of Barebones? Who's afraid? I'll
defend you both.

DAME GRUBB

Master Thomas, pray be still.
He would come and he would kill.
He has sworn an oath
Not a single child to spare;
To destroy them everywhere,
Slaying low and high.
[*A voice on the stairs*] *Blood!*

PHŒBE

What's that?

BEATRICE

[*Jumping up*]

What *can* it be?

[*The voice, nearer*] *Blood!*

Thomas Olifant



"OH, HEAVENS! IT IS HE"

Thomas Olifant

BOTH GIRLS

Oh, Heavens! It is *he!*

DAME GRUBB

Fly, my children, fly!

[DAME GRUBB *and both girls rush off the stage.* THOMAS *creeps behind the clock*

Enter BAREBONES

BAREBONES

Ha! No children about? I expected to find

At least half a dozen young imps of the kind. Well, well! As no infants are here to be bled

I'll explain my intentions and motives instead.

To begin with, why murder? Why slaughter at all?

Or why limit one's rage to the callow and small?

Thomas Olifant

I'll explain. I was once like the rest of my
kind;

I deferred to the young with a servitude
blind.

I submitted my spine to the pickaback
test

And allowed little children to climb on my
chest.

My wife, a good creature, in spirit but poor,
Like myself, was a slave to the wild imma-
ture.

But she didn't quite see—so at least I
opine—

That there *does* come a point where one *must*
draw the line!

[*In a tragic voice*] There were triplets
three times and then two lots of twins;

Then a sequence to five—and my story
begins! . . .

I had dandled all night numbers ten to four-
teen

And found jujubes for seven and five in
between;

Thomas Olifant

I'd extracted a farthing, half swallowed by
four,

And had rolled to amuse number six on the
floor,

When my wife, who all night at the cradle
had been,

Said, "*Oh, do be a pussy for number sixteen.*"

In a flash I perceived it. My duty was
plain.

You may say 'twas inhuman. Consider
again.

On one side, the untamed and untameable
band;

On the other, the chopper, quite close to my
hand.

I selected the chopper and chopped with a
will

Till the awful hubbub in the nursery was
still.

*If you think it severe, recollect I had been
Asked to act as a pussy for number sixteen.*

*[Pauses and feels the edge of the
chopper*

Thomas Olifant

[*Reflectively*] Well, my wisdom had
earned its reward, I suppose—

I enjoyed quite a fortnight of perfect repose.
'Til I felt my inaction a shame and disgrace
And decided to chop for the good of the
race!

I believe that my work has been useful. I
feel

That my chopper has chopped for the gen-
eral weel.

I shall fight for the right and shall never
desist

'Til I prove that Grown-ups have a right to
exist.

But time flies. I have much to perform
before dark.

There's that primary school and the crèche
and the ——

[*A low "Mee-awe" from behind the
clock*

Hark!

[*The "Mee-awe" is repeated*

How amazing! How strange! What on
earth can it mean?

Thomas Olifant



“OH, DO BE A PUSSY FOR NUMBER SIXTEEN”

Thomas Olifant

THOMAS

[*Creeping from the clock, with a white cloth over his head—just like a ghost!*]

Oh, do be a pussy for number sixteen!

[*BAREBONES covers his ears with his hands and flies in terror. THOMAS withdraws behind the clock*

DAME GRUBB *and the* GIRLS *enter on tiptoe*

DAME GRUBB

He has gone. He has gone. All our danger
is past.

PHŒBE

We can walk without fear in the Castle at
last.

BEATRICE

My canary is safe, I perceive it with joy.

PHŒBE

But *where*, tell me *where*, is that poor little
boy?

Thomas Olifant

BEATRICE

When we fled to the loft was he with us?

PHŒBE

Why, no!

I saw never a trace of the lad.

DAME GRUBB

We must go
Search the garden, the stables, the loft and
the hall
And the underground cellars and rooms
above all.

BEATRICE

But, dear me! there was only one line of
retreat—
'Twas the one that we took to the loft, I
repeat!

PHŒBE

Oh, Beatrice! Beatrice! did he not say
That if Barebones arrived, to defend us he'd
stay?

Thomas Olifant



“COOKOO!”

Thomas Olifant

Oh, the poor little hero, the brave little man!
He remained at his post while the rest of us
ran.

Woe is me! We have lost Cousin Olifant
brave.

We shall see him no more. He has gone to
his grave!

BEATRICE

[*Sobbing*]

Ah, his dear handsome face we shall ne'er
see again.

PHŒBE

[*In tears*]

Noble boy, noble boy. Oh, the sorrow and
pain!

BEATRICE

How I loved him in life. How I miss him
in death!

PHŒBE

How he fought for us both to his very last
breath.

Thomas Olifant

BEATRICE

We have lost him, alas!

PHŒBE

We have lost him, Boo-hoo!

BEATRICE

Oh, our dear little, brave little cousin!

THOMAS

[Looking from the clock]

Cookoo!

[PHŒBE and BEATRICE fling themselves on him and kiss him]

PHŒBE

Gallant Thomas Olifant,
Noble Thomas Olifant!

BEATRICE

Hail, our brave defender, you are safe and
you are here.

Thomas Olifant



“BEATRICE AND PHŒBE BOTH ADORE THEIR COUSIN
DEAR!”

Thomas Olifant

PHŒBE

Splendid Thomas Olifant,
Noble Thomas Olifant!

BOTH

Beatrice and Phœbe both *adore* their Cousin
dear! [*Curtain*

TYRANNY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING, *A Reactionary Monarch.*

CHANCELLOR, *A Time-serving Politician.*

POLICEMAN, *An Honest Official.*

PRISONER, *An Intelligent Young Man.*

EXECUTIONER, *A Native of Esperanto.*

BRIDE, *A Sweet Woman.*

EX-WIFE, *A Sour Woman.*

CHILD, *A Passive Bundle.*

TYRANNY

SCENE. *The Palace. The KING, CHANCELLOR, and EXECUTIONER.*

KING

Now where is the culprit?

CHANCELLOR

He's waiting outside,
Your Majesty's pleasure!

KING

And where is the bride?

CHANCELLOR

She too in the ante-room stands at your call.

KING

And what is she like? Is she stumpy or tall?

Tyranny

Is she succulent, soft, sweet, severe or
sedate?

And what of the poor wife deserted?

CHANCELLOR

Oh, Great
And Majestical Ruler, the Bride, if you
please,

Is as sweet as a syrup, as rich as a cheese.

While as for the former attachment, well, she

Is large and severe, with a child on her knee.

KING

Well, call them all in.

[*To* EXECUTIONER] But before we proceed
Is your axe in good order? Your wrist as it
need?

Swift, sure of its stroke, never missing its
shot?

EXECUTIONER

Mein axe, und mein wrist
Sind sehr gutlich, Mein Gott!

Tyranny



“WELL, SHE IS LARGE AND SEVERE, WITH A CHILD
ON HER KNEE”

Tyranny

KING

Then bring the base culprit before me I say,
I'll teach him to lure pretty maidens away
From their mothers, their aunts and their
sisters and brothers,

[CHANCELLOR *opens door and
beckons*

I'll make an example most helpful to others.

Enter PRISONER, BRIDE, WIFE *and* CHILD,
and POLICEMAN.

So *this* is the wretch! Now, sir, what do
you mean
By this awful behaviour?

PRISONER

Your Highness I ween
That a trial includes both a jury and judge,
And I call these proceedings just rubbish and
fudge!

EXECUTIONER

Hoch, Donner und Blitzer!

Tyranny

CHANCELLOR

Good gracious!

POLICEMAN

My word!

PRISONER

[*To audience*]

Do you think I'll accept for my judge this
old Bird?

KING

I'll soon teach you that Eagles are birds to
respect
Royal Eagles! . . .

PRISONER

. . . Are very like kites I expect!

EX-WIFE

Now you see what I've had to put up with,
[*To PRISONER*] *You Knave!*
So you'd drive your poor suffering wife to
the grave
And desert your poor child?

Tyranny



EXECUTIONER. CHANCELLOR. POLICEMAN.
"HOCH, DONNER UND BLITZER!"
 "GOOD GRACIOUS!"
 "MY WORD!"

Tyranny

PRISONER

Oh, you just drive me wild!
I dislike your high voice, I detest your fat
legs.

You are hopeless at porridge, and cannot
cook eggs.

[*Looking at* BRIDE] But my heart just goes
out to this plump little starling.

[*To* BRIDE] *You* know all about cooking
and kissing.

BRIDE

Yes, darling!

CHANCELLOR

This is perfectly awful!

EXECUTIONER

Es tut-et mir leid!

EX-WIFE

Just come home with your wife!

BRIDE

Just be true to your bride!

Tyranny

KING

Just reach up for my dagger!

CHANCELLOR

This youth is absurd!

EXECUTIONER

Gieben mir meines axes als blütchen!

POLICEMAN

My word!

PRISONER

Now I wish to speak freely, Bosch, Copper
and all.

'Tis to your better selves I appeal and I call!
It is just as important for you as for me
From this red-faced old gentleman here to be
free.

What's the good of a King? We can man-
age without him!

Dear comrades in arms, 'tis our business to
flout him!

Tyranny



"YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT COOKING AND KISSING."
"YES, DARLING!"

Tyranny

I suggest that you place *me* at once on the
throne

With a view to *his* trial.

POLICEMAN

'Tis tempting, I own.

EXECUTIONER

Was fur wunschen wir einer Koenig und
Kaiser?

EX-WIFE

Why, my 'Enery is right, or my name ain't
Elizer!

CHANCELLOR

I perceive in the words of this able young
man

Something modern and smart. He has dash
and *élan*!

I believe there is much to be gained by sup-
porting him.

Tyranny

BRIDE

Now, wasn't I right in selecting and courting
him?

ALL

Then down with this Nero! this Charles!
this Macbeth!

Henry Smith is our King!

[*To MONARCH*] We condemn *you* to death.

[*Curtain*

Tyranny



“WE CONDEMN YOU TO DEATH”

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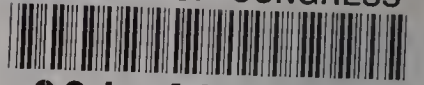
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